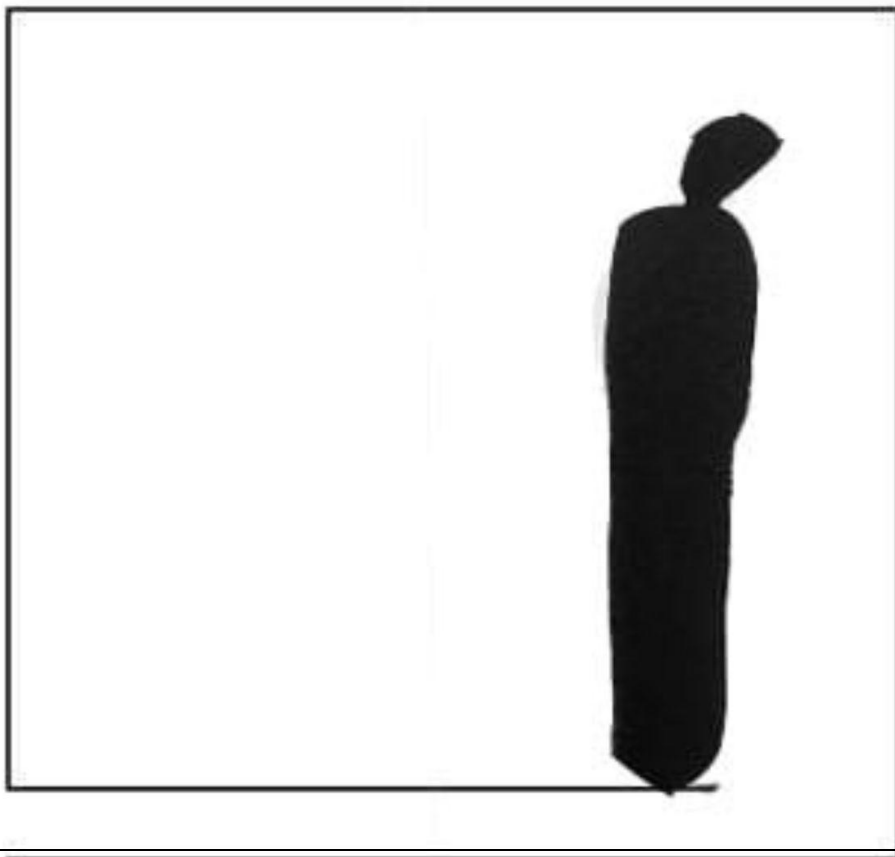


# ABSOLUTE EXTREMES

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elsaied abdelghani



**Absolute extremes**

**Elsaied abdelghani**

(poetry)

# Nothing

I'm from nothing

Came as a stranger

And no one knows my identity.

My basics are salty pain and my fate is  
madness and suicide.

I carried the divinity once

And humanism forever.

I created the meaning from absurd and run  
going to live.

The authorities had changed upon me from  
the limits, mind and the death.

The title of my life is wandering.

I'm delicate as the skin of the rose  
And wild as cactus thorns  
I'm a sad poet  
Who speaks a little and writes a lot  
I ask everything about its identity  
All the creatures speak at my language  
looking for brightness or fading.  
The word was before me  
Then it was the genius and animal pain to  
multiply it.  
I was at the end of the world with a rotten  
apple  
Suckled from the ground with foul milk

It is the gaseous skies eloquent mirage.

I inherited my formal and synthetic form  
from the strange hand

And I killed my brother and myself, and my  
father did not rest.

My brothers crucified me, and this is one of  
the psalms of the first two.

My Arab father revealed to me the pictures  
And entrust me with miracles of destruction.  
As for my Hebrew father, he roped me with a  
cross

And he didn't apologize for my blood.

And the beginning friend, my father tortured  
him for loving him

He forced me and forced him to ruin.

And I walked

Against and with myself

I draw my delicacy from music and my  
brutality from language.

I passed the world in my stories

And took the sovereignty on him

I betrayed my father's voice and teachings

And I wanted against him.

I fell in love with a woman like Sufism loved  
my imaginary father

And I witnessed it, and I can't witness other  
than her.

I took my eyes off others  
I gave her nice presence  
The daughter of Truth and abstraction  
And it was what it was  
Dying and resorting to suicide, or being  
found and resorting to madness  
My border is flogged by the infidel  
characters, so where do I flee?  
My structure is nothing  
And my father disappeared.  
I followed the inner voice of my friend  
"Turn the thrones  
Destroy the selves

Crush the heavens of the mind and its lands

Closed doors are forgotten in your  
biography.

Be bold with what befits your skin

To blur the durations

And spread demolition

About the content of the realms of the  
worlds

O who is living everything?

Your book burned what is in it and what is in  
you

And your salvation is your true destruction.

I am the raging fire that eats everything now



I am the merciful water that extinguishes the  
ashes.

I have inside Breakers, hammers and huge  
screwdrivers.

I am who sorted the creatures,

I am who sorted the gods,

I am the one who did not know his identity.

And it was what it was

From questions protected from  
disappearance

"You didn't see your lover's bosom

And the consequences touched by the  
explosion of your cave.

Put your hands together, boy,

The wall is closer.

And I wrote to my father after he  
disappeared,

And I united,

And in my autism I searched,

About a real lonely feeling for the world,

A feeling that is not weakened by pain,

And thought that does not weaken him,

And in my research I create the paved and  
unpaved paths for other strangers.

I violate all borders and dimensions,

Come in orbits for me and others,

But I will never return from this wreck to the  
building of illusion,

Even if I'm totally insane

And loneliness gave me suicide.

And I wrote to my father what he read and  
what he saw

"I contained my silence compressed by the  
overflow of my anger and my hatred, so I  
contained my language that is full of your  
praise with shallowness.

I praise you with infiniteness and the all-  
encompassing embrace after expulsion from  
your creatures.

I praise you with the symbol which meaning  
is the greatest extent for me.

I praise you with limitless adoration.

I choose extremes and go to extremes in  
order to fulfill your right with my mental  
energy and my madness,

And I have no right upon you,

So forgive me my tears from my  
nothingness.

All in your power

And in my infallibility nothingness

The loneliness and pain in my heart were  
broken,

And it is forbidden for me in my world to  
dream.

So where is the spirit of your revelation  
around me?

I squeezed what I see.

write

Write, nothing worth suppressing.

Abilities when you suppressed destroy you,

As the earth suppresses volcanoes  
So it destroys its scales.  
No one understands the revolution against  
him,  
He only understands the revolution against  
his enemy,  
So revolt as you like.  
Only my enemies sanctified me,  
Imagine, oh papers  
Those who i planted something in them,  
Created,  
They are the ones who killed me.

savior

I don't have a savior,

Because I will never stop growing.  
The candles at the end of the road  
Are turned off as at the beginning.  
The door I was knocking on,  
I broke my hand on it,  
Only my eyes were left to contemplate it.  
My savoir might be the last poem I read  
Or write,  
Or the intimacy of creating women body in  
my head.



## Niche

No one burned with me in front of the niche,  
Some of them have less energy than my  
step.

For some, their fear is more important than  
truth.

My ash had mixed with  
The ash of superior butterflies  
Who loved the light,  
And it killed it.

## Bull

In my poetry I turn into a nymphomaniac  
bull,

Who dances disorderly and murders.

And it only gives up after his death.

Who understands more Suppresses more,  
beauty and violence.

Because his spheres is wide

And can accommodate regions of blackness  
and color.

But there is no theater

And no viewers,

Nor mirrors in which I attack myself in.

And drafts where the daughters of dream,  
are sailing in, burned.

Reality is multiple zero,  
There is no pomegranate in it  
full of beauty.

## Cry instead

I cry sometimes instead of writing

It's not easy to protect yourself from  
language.

Something must be left silent and without  
language,

In order not to disturb the minds.

Although Write, nothing worth suppressing.

Abilities when you suppressed destroy you,

As the earth suppresses volcanoes

So it destroys its scales.

No one understands the revolution against  
him,

He only understands the revolution against  
his enemy,

So revolt as you like.

Only my enemies sanctified me,

Imagine, my papers,

Those who i planted something in them

And created,

They are the ones who killed me.

## Curse

I violated everything in my world,  
It became my identity over the course of my  
entire time.

I burnt the butterflies that housed me,  
And the aesthetics that made me feel  
pleasure.

All of my wings are in the zone of death I  
have set it,

I grew up in loneliness

And I died in it.

I wrote the Destruction by my hand,

Am I created from the chemistry of the  
resurrection?

I was cursed from the world, people, and  
gods,

And the Curse is erect and deep.

It is all I have

Mystical stations open

Fake harbors punctured.

I bury my face in my bed

In order to enter my private rare luxury

To lick my stricken soul

And the drunken remains of my stumbling  
block.

I am lost in myself, in pain, in my wandering.

I am looking for someone in the land of no  
one,

I am looking for any goddess to talk to me,

I'm Who don't have a world to run.

I am a wolf with a nature of a deer,

A deer with a nature of a wolf.

No one has taken care of me since I was born  
in the woods

Only strange instincts,

I do not protect its flow.

I disobeyed my spiritual elements and  
kinship with sincere erasure.



I will

I'll cut through the bone of the world to find  
you.

I'll be consuming my crazy, stray ink.  
In the world's cells, hours, customs, and  
borders.

I want your chemistry to test my waste,  
To show the scene of the allegiance of the  
global system to the last chaos together

My closets are open to you,

My Sentimental box,

And the narration of my secret.

What does death do in poetic people?

It keeps me away from wanting to talk to  
your spectrum.

Many esoteric wars lead to the death of my  
love to the world,

I have clairvoyance that you are an eternal  
broad escape to the darkness of reality and  
imagination.

I have a single wing that has a fracture  
suspended in one shoulder,

I have Behalf of the absolute and the other  
half of absolute in you.

I have a provocative beginning from a  
feminine ending.

Do I realize my grief while seeing you, and  
realize my extreme loneliness?

Do I realize that I must be without more  
banks to fall into your universe?

I look long at the last, non-formal kingdom.

My visuals are all imprisoned in your face,  
its perceptions, and its shedding.

No, I will not shy away from creating a  
coincidence of our meeting,

As an innocent plant in the barren land of  
fate.

I will release my meanings towards you,

And this cosmic pain I will replace by the  
expression,

Stop the quarrels, my words,

Enough plural me, authority.

I clashed with its wandering port without  
slowing down.

And I climbed in my absence to the roof of  
my presence and disclosed to her.

Who will be able to repair my denotational  
excitation?

Who Insecure this complete full drawing of a  
sad god?

Who would be me and make me up again?  
who will veil me and expose me without fear  
and with many details?

What is my house?

What is my exile?

I wore black and drowned in any dark hue in  
my mind?

Crossing over to you in your seclusion hidden  
in the corners of the imaginary universe,  
is killing to all types of my death.

Let's mix our melancholy,

The pure dawn is at the farthest point in our  
conscience,

Let's peace the tentacles of fate,

Go up and go down on the chandeliers of the  
lines, and record what was found in our  
imaginations

Recreating the life made of our pain.

I am a flame in a cup of flesh and bone,  
In a cup of existence and null being mixed,  
Elaborate fiery and woven with pain craft  
and skill,

Messy paths, my hugs, and my miracles.  
Our bones, our flesh, our blood, our insides,  
our tremors will fuse,

And the structures of our absence and our  
absence,

We touch the signs, wills, visuals, and  
narrations of each other.

I will get lost in your eternity

And you will get lost in mine,

Uninterrupted.

On the shades of some of us,

We inscribe poetry in extreme reverence

We create a secret for ourselves...

Laced in the vein of antonomasia and  
metaphor,

I did not stop watching my absolute as he  
discussed null over my identity.

I slipped off the world's fabric, pore, and  
chemistry.

From his defeat and calamity

I created my interwoven world

With a new defeat and a new calamity.

## Our invisible

Nothing can block our invisible from unite,

You can see me in the semantics of my  
metaphor.

You can realize me although the distance  
that separate our bodies.

We will create the unknown road by our will  
to overcome the prison of time and place.

I'm a very complicated man,



but love is a the great mirror that clarify the  
woods in my heart.

I get abandoned by the people I always love,

By dreams I hold once,

By the signs of god,

So I became an epic.

## The harmful truth

I produce what the world fear the most,

The harmful truth.

So I was abandoned by gods and man in the  
outdoors of madness.

I know myself as another

I know the world as an enemy.

The world tortures me,

Because I ruined its laws,  
Because I was me not it,  
Because I wrote my suppressed without any  
fear,  
Because I created my loneliness from my  
pain,  
From it without seeking help.  
Because it can't prison me in worship to its  
powers,  
Because I don't use myself in its matrix,  
Because I reject its fate.

# The Manifestation of your unknown

The Manifestation of your unknown drowns  
my Beyond and my now.

It fructifies all my different identities.

How can I guide all my meanings into  
language?

To make you feel my thunder and lightning?

How can the destructive land of my heart  
bear your inspiration?

We, the poets, the children of unreasonable,  
live with our selected spectrum until we  
flamed.

I write to you now from the last atom in my  
existence,

Verses against all the distances.

Would we mix our infinites?

To form or destroy the divided laws of the  
world?

When you will shade my denial of  
everything,

Under the effect of will of creation?

Do you allow me to obey my heart and love  
you?

## Sufi

I don't have anything in me except you and  
my unbelief.

I don't shelter you in my ecstasy or pain.

I don't have except your dimensions and my  
way out.

I don't have when I witness you except my  
heart,

I don't have except my heart.

In vain any path, I take to you,

In vain my unbelief and faith.

You forbid me of your loneliness

And I don't.

You forbid me of your whole

And I don't.

You left me and I see you as you were  
around,

Wake off me.

I swear by my loneliness on your loneliness,  
That my love is because of your pain, not my  
pain.

And my mortality in you because of my love,  
not your love.

I swear by you. Oh, the Taboo of ontology  
and metaphysics,

That my evil's mix is from my wanting to find  
meanings.

And my conflicting with you because of your  
common and personal blocking.

When you use your power on me,  
And defeated my contain of unbelief,  
Raped my language by your light?

I am the drought and you are the green.

I'm destructive and you are the creator.



I'm the language and you are the meaning.

Take your whole from me and perish me,  
Take your whole from dervishes and perish  
yourself.

It's the ecstasy of touching my reason and  
your reason.

Time will not pour a minute after  
And the son of your pain takes his love and  
perish him too with us.

My skin wrinkles from your light.  
Devil's skin wrinkles from your fire.

Unite your divisions,  
And don't miss an atom.

I drunk and not imagine except you,  
I had enough and no one thirsty me except  
you.

Which abstraction are you,  
that one cannot realize?

Which place do I throw away my whole in it?  
Which loneliness that doesn't dispense with  
blocking?

I who live on creation and destruction  
doesn't know.

Forgive my passionate remoteness,  
And migration of instinct to others not the  
will.

Forgive me seeing else  
And my limited heart keeps you in.  
And the revolution of my hands on your  
    inspiration,  
And hyper creation of your spectrum,  
    And my cease from your light.  
Forgive me the creation of your negation  
    And waste your love  
Forgive me my will in your unknown  
And abasement of the world and meaning in  
    your hands.

## Outside the bodies

There is no replacement

For the words of the souls outside the bodies

And not to walk in between.

# When you created me

When you created me

My eyes were blind

And only my heart was seeing

So take me back.

When you created me

I was excited to love you

And now my pain is his final depth.

When you created me

I have never been alone

And now I am all alone.

When you created me

I didn't need to create you

Cause I was feeling you.

When you created me

I conquered your light

And your heart  
And your loneliness.  
When you created me  
You allow me to carry you  
And i betrayed what i carried  
When you created me  
I didn't deserve it  
And you didn't deserve my infidelity.  
When you created me  
I was hungry to your pulsation  
And you took me away alone with my  
weakness.

## Says the Lord

"Says the Lord:

In the beginning, the shadow was  
overthrown all things



And the soul dwells in the hidden details  
Until the orbit breaks  
And the circle peeled off  
And for the first time the Creator touched  
His creation.

At first I was hungry  
Blood in my veins  
And love in my heart.

I am the doer in everything  
And there is no other voice in the void  
I'm so busy with creating myself  
And i didn't induce to abstain my divinity.  
And my only trouble is language

Tear me up and leave me alone.

Imagination

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I imagine my existence vs everything  
sometimes

Imagine my existence is everything

I imagine my existence is the world.

I knew you imperfect, deceptive and  
imaginary

And you knew me completely, lost and sad

And my knowing is an accident

And your knowing is old.

All i have in the stomach of my existence

From the bottom of your infinity,

And my loneliness is a bridge to your unity.

All that I've abstracted

I am filled with its essence,  
All that I have embody  
I was full of his body,  
And I had not enough of decrease

frames

Frames

Of Creation  
Don't be over  
In the poet,  
Until it crosses all species of beings and gods.

dots

I treat my dots as I treat the world  
I treat the veil as I treat nothing  
And the love in my eyes is endless.

In writing  
I didn't pack a thing

I put it all in writing  
Even the nails of a cross  
Sleeping in the poem

If your cross is uncomfortable  
Don't go to another cross.



Your freedom  
In concurring yourself

Will abort what you haven't seen

## We are in a story

I believe we are in a story  
that might be comics.

But the narrator is veiled,  
The narrator may be...

He does not have a publishing house  
affiliated with an authority.

The narrative is irregular,  
The story could be the same.

The light that jumped into my room,  
The fly that stood on my shoulder,  
The eagle that I saw in my dream,

Are All writing details.

In the stories, the characters are icy  
Unless the narrator is deserted or subscribe.

In stories, nothing is perfect,

Although imagination is dangerous

The possibilities are more and deeper.

The stories are much intertwined,  
Intervention from time to time and place to  
place,

And it only gets to the big story.

# Loneliness

Loneliness is not a prerogative of God,  
But it can be as well,  
For the many creatures you see within you,  
And you never see her outside.  
Loneliness is not a choice,  
And it is not coercion,  
It is entirely your decision  
Even the parts you can't control.  
Loneliness cannot be preached as Sufism,  
You have to find it out.

Loneliness has many descriptionsm,  
Can be summarized in,  
Seeing your dead body in your waking eyes.

## women

Women have changed my life more than  
books,

I never knew how beautiful a sunset looks,  
except I'm thinking of a woman.

I didn't know anything about simplicity,  
If I hadn't bought her a cheap rose.

I wasn't going to go on with my life,  
If it weren't for the beauty,

That I experienced many times  
with them before.

## the drifters

I know that the drifters,  
do not deduce the answers

But with love and hugs,  
So I hugged my mom a lot.

I also know that wandering  
If you got used to,

Your kind of death was strange.

I know the wanderer from his eye in fugue;  
His sample becomes infinite orbits,  
Everything revolves.



## poets

There are poets don't write

Perhaps they are the most honest.

The fact that rhetoric did not disrupt their  
meaning,

And cultural domains don't use them.

There is more poetic than who got awards,  
but their language is special,

In their home and truer.

There are poets,

Who don't enter the flocks

And they kept their secret and their unity.

Newspapers don't care about them,

And they don't care

about the numbers of readers.

There are poets,

Who are poets at writing only,

But gods outside of writing.

There are qualities I do not believe including  
the characteristic of a poet.

## Creation of hate

Don't look into my eyes with love again,  
It is hard to declare my revolution against  
the world like this.

I am light when I am alone,

Die alone,

And there is no nostalgia in my eyes to a  
thing.

Let my hate be complete.

It's my right,

To think my illusion victory over the great  
walls

And break it with my head,  
Mixed with the ashes and blood of my  
enemy.

The wolf is evil to the deer and quite normal  
for a biologist.

A tree may hide in it a snake  
That kills a person one day,  
A bird may build its nest in it.

Language may revive people for a long time,

A poet has obsessed to madness because of  
it.

## inherit

I did not inherit an authority,  
And I did not I lived next to a god.  
I lived like a boil in the back of time.  
There is no safety on my existence,  
No punishment for my blood.  
If the official kills me,  
he will be right

And if he hurt me, he sinned.

Everyone turned on me,

Because madness is greater than medicine,  
the predominance of chaos is in the endings.

I will write my elegy as Malik ibn al-Rayb  
alive,

No one would care about a territory outside  
of the light.

I was not a criminal,

I was just a poet the whole time,

And this in the jurisprudence of history and  
modernity is meaningless.

How do you not want something from the  
world?

How do not to obey Sharia in poems?

How do you always grow non-stop while you  
are in prison?

## False god

I was a false god,

Because I was a poet.

The poet thinks himself a real god,

He even changes physics and chemistry,

But complains about the heat and the lack of  
cannabis afterwards.

The poet thinks himself a prophet



Although he cannot control his temper

How about ethereal ruin?

The poet thinks himself the duty of fame and  
value in his people

Although it does not go beyond being  
creators.

The poet thinks himself the first theorist of  
correctness,

He can't theorize on himself for days.

The poet himself thinks a lot

But he does not think that he thinks himself  
a poet.

# Run

I always run away,

Escape saves me even though it carries me  
great guilt.

Places, their history, philosophy and  
personalities do not end with me.

Flee, perhaps, to remedy the inability to  
resist,

To places where no one knows me,  
And things don't make me realize anything of  
my previous identity.

I run away even though I am always  
expelled,

Because of strange and deep thoughts and  
feelings.

Not running away or expelling is leaving the  
house,

But maybe disconnect links,

Maybe write poems,

Maybe stories.

I'm good at running away

Because I accurately understand the people  
around me,

I understand their motives.

What I accept intellectually, I never accept  
emotionally.

## My reputation

My reputation is bad because of writing

As a wine waiter and death angel.

I have a bad reputation as a vile poison,

As Hell which gates are mottled.

Nothing remains of your remembrance  
except your brutal meanings,  
which neither language nor the world  
contained,

And that killed you in the end.

## mess

You won't get anywhere without your mess  
energy.

You will not find your lost heart,  
If you look for it in others.

Labyrinth is the fruit of the wandering  
between the self and its mirror,

But it is the dignity of the poet among the  
creators.

The earth does not conceive a god and a  
devil every day,

The earth is not pregnant with a new  
formation story.

Only in the hearts of poets.

Ishtar is the heroine of an ancient poem,  
The meaning is analogy.

## Hammer

I never put my head on the pillow

And in my head there are people I quarrel  
with.

My head has always been right to melodies.

Exiles are not always deserts,

Some of them have imaginary vegetables.

Graves are not only for the dead,

I know someone who always sleeps in his  
grave.

Homes are not always there,

It may be Bubbles in the heart.

The world is not always in dimensions,

It may only be in the mirage meal.

Believe me; my biggest nakedness is visible  
and inward,

And the skins expelled by my essence.

Hammer on all walls,

On the core of my eyes,



On The colors of reality and imagination.

## Nobody deserves pain

Nobody deserves pain,

Neither me nor you,

But fate has nothing to do with our  
righteousness,

Not with the morals of poets.

The heavens have their experience of  
torment,

Man is always a child.

## Restoration

I haven't fixed my relationship with the  
world yet,

Nor with God,

Not with myself.

Other non-human identities are me,

More comfortable and reassuring,  
As an interplanetary shell,  
Or a shell between the feet of a child.

## metaphysics

I feel light colored clouds

Above my head

When i love you.

And my heart alone then leafs out the  
ingredients of heaven:

Purple

Opera music

And rain.

I found most of my contemporary poets

Insignificance spread among them

Fearing to live in the shadows,

Fearing the shadows.

I found most of my modern philosophers  
They revolve around the meanings of poetry  
Which is in the shade.

You found me like I never existed,  
And as never found,  
An old man in the shade drinks his cup and  
writes.

## Obsession

The fatigue that afflicts me from being close  
to others,  
More than that consumes me in loneliness.

I train my features, my voice, my  
movements, my looks.

Theater is worth it

The drama is worth it.

But nothing equal the imagination.

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